LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL APHORISMS.

MONEY

Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and temperance and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is,
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my neighbor honestly,
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all
These creeds and doctrines three
Extant are; but still the doubt is, where
Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and
Warmth and comfort it bespoke;
But, alas! it now is quenched, and
Only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined,
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking,
Kindle but a torch's fire;
Ha! how soon they all are silent!
Thus truth silences the liar.

THE END OF A STAGE COACH TRAGEDY.

I was traveling agent for a large firm, and in the course of business visited the flourishing little town of Bellair, where our people had many customers. It was about the middle of August, and on the very night of my arrival that usually quiet and sober place was thrown into a state of consternation by the occurrence of a very unusual circumstance. The stage coach was accustomed to arrive about 8 o'clock, but on the day in question that hour passed and the stage did not come in.

The timekeeper was in a state of great agitation, walking to and fro, and wondering what had become of the coach.

It was at last supposed that some accident must have befallen the coach, and assistance was being prepared in the shape of horsemen to search the road. These were nearly ready, but when just upon the point of starting the loud blast of the coachman's horn was heard, and anxiety as to the safety of the stage was exchanged for wonder as to the cause of its delay. A few moments later it drove up in due form before the office, and a little crowd gathered to investigate the origin of such an unusual circumstance.

The coachman, upon being questioned, gave a very clear and simple explanation of the affair. A passenger, he said, had suddenly insisted on alighting, and had banged the door so violently that one of the horses had taken fright. This had started the other horse, and the two had at once galloped madly away, nearly demolishing the coach, and were not brought to until one of them fortunately stumbled and hurt his fore leg severely, causing considerable delay. The appearance of the horse witnessed to the truth of this statement. Every one was for the moment satisfied with this account of the delay, but only for a moment, for the next instant a much more exciting and horrible discovery than the delay of the coach was made.

One of the porters lounging about very naturally opened the coach door and prepared to assist the passengers to alight. But no one stirred within. It was too dark to see, but the porter, putting his hand in, felt the person of a human being, as he thought, very wet, and who must, from his insensibility, either be sleeping, or else was perhaps stunned by the accident on the road.

"Hallo, John," cried he, "who the deuce have you got here? The old gemmen's either deadly asleep or else he's fainted when the horses ran off!"

The coachman, whose name, it may here be stated, was John Rush, replied very calmly:

"Oh, he's all right, Bill. Him and his pal had a tiff, but I fancy they'd been drinkin', and now he's got asleep."

Saying so, he brought forward a lantern, the light of which Bill afterward thought made him deadly pale. They, however, cast the light into the coach upon the sleeping gentleman, but the next second they drew back with a shout of horror. Bill saw by the light that it was not the rain which had damped his hands; the stain upon them could not be mistaken. "It's blood! It's blood!" he cried, shaking the thick crimson drops from his fingers.

As for poor Rush, the coachman, he looked on in blank amazement, like a man stricken dumb. The noise which Bill made attracted the attention of all around, who were now only just beginning to guess at the cause of the delay. A scene of terrible excitement followed. The whole street was in confusion. It was discovered that the coach contained only one passenger, or rather his corpse, for he lay in a pool of blood quite dead, and it was evident that he had been most foully murdered. Examination showed that he was a man in the prime of life, well dressed and of gentlemanly appearance, but without purse, pocketbook, papers, or any other article by which he could be identified, excepting a small envelope with two cards in it—supposed to be his own—and bearing the name of Samuel Robinson. It was evident that he had been stabbed suddenly in the neck, and death must have been almost instantaneous.

The excitement at Bellair was very great. The proper officials were sent for and an investigation made. Every one was questioned as to who the murderer could be and what steps could be taken to effect his capture. As might be expected, all eyes were turned to Rush, the coachman, who was naturally supposed to be likely to know something about the matter. In fact, some people even suggested that he might possibly know more than he cared to tell; but this was only scandal. He was very calm and collected, and, stating to the police authorities that he thought he could give valuable information, he accompanied them to the station.

There he made the following important statement: He had started, he said, from Woodley in the morning, with five passengers. This, of course, could be verified by reference to the officials there. At various places, so he said, he had set down five passengers. He had also taken up two, but did not remember what they were like, as he thought nothing about them at the time; could not say even if the two were men or women; thought they had alighted on the way, and that the gentleman in the coach was one of those who started first at Woodley. When about two miles on the other side of Winfield Hollow he heard what seemed to him to be a violent dispute going on inside the coach. He stopped the horses and went to the door. Only two passengers were then inside—one a young man with dark eyes and chestnut hair, and the other he could swear was the murdered man. They seemed to be in high dispute; but when they saw him, and knew that their altercation had stopped the coach, the murdered man—he was certain he could swear it was the murdered man—put his head out of the window, and said:

"What do you want? My friend and I had a few harsh words, and what is that to you?"

When he heard this he remounted the box. About five minutes later one of the gentlemen stopped him to get out, seeming to be much agitated, which he supposed to be on account of the dispute. He did not notice at the time which gentleman left, but could certainly swear that it was the murdered man who had spoken to him from the window, and who appeared to be the principal in the dispute. A few minutes after the unknown gentleman left the murdered man the accident occurred which prevented the coachman from any very close remembrance of particular incidents.

Rush, the stage coachman, appeared to be much troubled during his examination by the police, which was very natural, as he had good reason to know that he would be greatly blamed, and would probably in the end be dismissed for carelessness. It is no pleasant thing to drive a coach, and to have people murdered in it. He was, however, much relieved when he found that his conduct, on account of the excitement occasioned by the accident, was not considered to be very culpable, and that he was only bound over to attend and give evidence at the inquest, which he was very willing to do.

The inquest was held in due course. Mr. Pritchard, the Coroner, being an active, sensible man, nothing was left undone which might subserve the ends of justice. Several people were called as witnesses, but only three gave evidence of any consequence. The first was the clerk at the office where the coach started. He gave the names of the passengers booked, but could not identify the murdered man.

The next was the coachman, John Rush, whose tale was much as has been already told.

The most important point in his evidence was that he affirmed that the murdered man spoke a little huskily through his nose, and had a way of lisping out his words so that, even in the midst of the fight, he could hardly help laughing at him.

All this evidence he gave in a clear, straight-forward manner, such as, it was thought, proved him beyond a doubt to have no complicity in the foul deed.

The third witness was the porter who discovered the dead body; and after these were one or two others who were present at the time, including the medical man who examined the corpse.

The Coroner summed up with great ability, and the jury, without a moment's consideration, returned a verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown.

The next day the body of the murdered man was buried and the police renewed their search, but everybody saw that, after a little popular indignation, and a little fuss on the part of the newspapers, the tragedy of the Bellair stage would probably become one of those mysteries which wait for elucidation and punishment until the day of doom. Strange to say, however, the perpetrator of the crime was discovered, and convicted on his own evidence, and the very means which he adopted to hide the dreadful deed were the occasion of it being brought to light, as I shall now briefly explain.

The town of Bellair was about forty or fifty miles from Woodley, and the stage ran between the two places. A few miles from Woodley was another small town called Oakbourne, and in Oakbourne lived a widow lady, named Conway, and her daughter.

Mrs. Conway had a brother who was deaf and dumb. His name was Thomas Ellwood. His affliction, as might be supposed, was a source of great trial to his family, and had his parents been poor it would have made his course in life much harder than it really was; but his father, old Mr. Ellwood, had but two children, the eldest a girl—who married while young a certain Mr. Conway—and Thomas, of whom I am about to speak.

After Jane Ellwood became Mrs. Conway she saw very little of her own family, for her mother was already dead, and in less than a year after her wedding day she lost her father, and now her only surviving relative was her brother Thomas.

To Thomas Ellwood his father left almost all that he possessed, saying that his daughter, being married, wanted little, and that poor Tom could do nothing for himself. "Poor Tom," however, at the time of our story, was no longer a boy, for he had nearly reached his 40th year, but he had never married. His sister, Mrs. Conway, was older than himself, and had an only child, a daughter, now about 17 years of age, called, after her mother, Jane.

Jane had great expectations, for not only was her widowed mother well-to-do in the world, but her uncle, Thomas Ellwood, had declared that as he was, on account of his infirmity, likely to spend his days in bachelorhood, he would leave all his property to her. Jane had, moreover, a lover, a right good young man, to whom her mother had promised that she should in due time be united, which meant whenever Uncle Ellwood found opportunity, as he had promised, to settle a certain large sum upon her. But Uncle Ellwood had nitherto neglected doing so, chiefly on account of an innate dislike which he had to doing business with lawyers. But time and love would allow of no longer delay. Uncle Tom had promised his sister and niece that he would arrange about the property early in the month of August, which had already begun; but when, two days after, he called at Mrs. Conway's house, he allowed that he had totally forgotten all about it. This confession was, of course, all made by dumb show, as from his birth he could not utter a word; and Mrs. Conway's discourse, as she scolded him, fell upon deaf ears. Thomas was a good-natured soul, and his sister carelessly thought it did not matter how she rated him; but, although he heard never a word, poor Tom's heart was grieved, for he knew he had vexed his sister.

Mr. Ellwood, of course, could not reply, although, with the usual tact of afflicted people, he made a shrewd guess at what his sister said. He carried a little tablet and pencil always about with him and now he wrote:

"I'll go to Woodley to-morrow, Jane, The stage from Oakbourne to Woodley starts at 6, and I'll go over."

Mrs. Conway read the sentence and then smiled and nodded assent. The two were reconciled, and the rest of the evening passed off pleasantly enough. Jane's lover, Fred, had to go early, but Uncle Tom stayed to supper. Jane and her mother went with him to the gate, and there bade him good-night.

Mr. Ellwood then went straight home to his lodgings, and after arranging with his landlady to rouse him early the following morning he went to bed. When the morning came he packed up a few necessaries, directed his luggage to Woodley—for he was a very punctual man—and then, after telling the landlady that he was going to that town for a day or two, he left. He booked from Oakbourne by the 6 o'clock stage and arrived early in Woodley. The next day his sister received a letter from that town, stating that after seeing his lawyer he found it necessary to go on to Bellair, but would return the next day.

The next day and the next day came, but Thomas Ellwood never came back again. In his letter he stated that the business in question might have been done by an agent, but that Mrs. Conway's impatience and angry words had so agitated him that he had resolved to go on at once and do everything himself. He finished his letter with an expression of love, but Mrs. Conway never forgot or forgave her own hasty words to which he alluded.

As day after day passed, Mrs. Conway, finding her brother still mysteriously absent from home, and that, as far as she could learn, he had not only been away for a much longer time than business could require, but had never been seen since, began to be much agitated, especially as every one was talking of a horrible murder in the Bellair coach.

At last she went to Bellair, and when she learned how the victim had said this and that she thought little about it, for she knew poor Tom had no power to speak. One evening, however, she saw a drunken man rolling home. Like other fools of his class, he scattered all he had about him, and Mrs. Conway's eyes fell upon a small letter-case which he knew belonged to Ellwood. She picked it up, followed the drunkard, saw where he lived and then applied to the magistrate. The drunkard was arrested. He proved to be none other than the coachman, John Rush, who could not, however, account fairly for the case. Drunk as he was, he was too sensible to betray himself. He was, however, held to bail, which, as he could not give, he was of course locked up.

The next day he was brought before the magistrate and examined. Mrs. Conway swore that the letter-case belonged to her missing brother. The coachman swore that he bought it, with some other trifles, of a peddler whom he met in the street, and, as there was no evidence to refute this statement, he was at once discharged. Rush now saw that he was likely to become an object of suspicion and prepared to flee.

Meanwhile the detective police, having at last a clew which even a blind man could not help but follow, set to work again in earnest. They saw Mrs. Conway and suggested to her that it was her brother Ellwood who had been murdered, and that perhaps the coachman knew more of the affair than he chose to allow. This suspicion she of course declared groundless, as her brother, being deaf and dumb, could not have spoken as the coachman asserted. A warrant, however, was obtained for exhuming the body of the murdered man. Mrs. Conway at once recognized her brother.

Rush was now again arrested, although the magistrate was greatly opposed to the proceeding, as he justly stated that there was not sufficient evidence to justify an arrest. A well-known lawyer, Mr. Chancery, however, came forward and clearly showed that if Rush, having every facility for forming a proper judgment, had sworn solemnly that the deceased had said such and such things, the deceased being—as was now fully proved—deaf and dumb from birth, he must either have deliberately committed perjury or else he must have some complicity in the bloody deed, or possibly he might be guilty of both. This argument, coming from a man like Mr. Chancery, was listened to with proper attention. The coachman was again taken into custody and committed for trial.

He was arraigned at the next sessions. Had he only murdered the unfortunate Mr. Ellwood and said nothing about it he might possibly have escaped. But he condemned himself out of his own mouth by swearing at the inquest that a man now proved to have been born dumb had said certain things to him. When brought up for trial he came with an air of defiance and proposed to brazen out the whole matter. But when, after he had again been minutely questioned about what the murdered man said, and had sworn to it, other witnesses of undoubted character proved that the unfortunate man never could speak; then, turning to the Judge, the criminal said, "The game is played out," and fainted.

The jury brought in a verdict of willful murder against John Rush.

It would, however, appear that all that the guilty man said about the beginning of the fatal journey was true. Mr. Ellwood did really leave his hotel to go to the post, but being anxious to arrive in Bellair that day, and seeing the stage, already started, rounding the corner, he got into it without returning for his luggage. The other passengers alighted at their several destinations, and he was left alone. Rush had some slight knowledge of him, and believing him to carry a large sum had, when he found his victim left without protection, stopped the coach, and in an unguarded moment stabbed him in the neck. His first idea after pillaging the murdered man was to bury him on the spot; but, fearing discovery, he hid his spoils a little way off in the woods, and then concocted a story to account for the delay of the coach—wounding the horse himself, so as to bear out his tale.

Apostrophe to the Statue of a Gladiator.

[Laramie Boomerang.]

Cold, pulseless fragment of the long ago, who sittest calm and passionless through scooting years! Thy busted snoot, awry, amort, bemoiled with dust of passing feet, thy fractured bugle looming 'neath the twinkling stars, a gloomy wreck of former grandeur tells not of what hath thee betid.

Across thy scarred, cold breast no trouble rolls, and o'er thy brow yet frozen in dumb agony bestraught, the swift and sable clouds of night do struggle like an aged, dying joke cast in the dust of ancient amphitheater.

Little thou reckest, in thy broken state, that thou art clothed with nothing but the wailing wynd. Thy cold, hard cheek is still unclothed with shame, tho' in the chilly air anight thy marble fragments are exposed.

Who gazing at thy busted brow and panic-stricken features now, would ere surmise thy prowess in the days agone! Who, looking o'er thy mansard intellect and cast-iron frame, knocked galley west by time's effacing fingers, ere would give a passing thought to what thou'st been in previous years!

I trow, not one of all mankind would pick thee up to be the once proud snoozer of the Roman ring.

Misguided relic of an era long years past when men were muscled like an aged hen, and when brave men fought with cheese knives long and well, or gouged the lion's liver out and mixed it with the sand, while beauteous ladies smiled and munched the Roman caramel, he who would grudge thee pity now in this thy hour of need, would rob a pauper's grave to get the gold with which his teeth were filled.

Proud fragment of heroic days, in dreams no doubt thou livest on, and in the amphitheater with quivering blade thou fightest still.

Methinks I see thee in the dusty ring, straddling about and slashing right and left, filling the air with toe-nails and fresh gore. Again I hear thy new laid joke as up against the galleries the fragments of thy foe are hurled.

Dream on, thou fractured warrior of ye olden time, and reck not one cold, careless clam that all thy limbs are knocked into a shapeless mass.

Forget the present in thy glorious past. Live over still the days when in thy wondrous strength thou wast more deadly modern pie. Remember still the days of long ago, when he who banged thee midst the face and eyes got scattered o'er the dry and thirsty ground, and dusted off the quivering earth with his remains. Lose not thy grip, bold warrior of the fly-blown past. Brace up with memories of forgotten years, thou busted warrior of ye Roman time, for he who thus apostrophizes thee is busted, too.

A Grateful Indian.

Among those who drifted hither in '59 during the Pike's Peak excitement, and who have remained as hunters or prospectors, is Moccasin Bill, still living in his cabin in the Sangre de Christa mountains. At the age of fifty years this man is as straight and active as at twenty, and when he mingles with other men—a rare occurrence—he towers above them like a giant among lilliputians. His long hair falls over his shoulders and descends nearly to his waist in natural curls, now slightly tinged with gray, while a beard that has known no razor for thirty years sweeps his breast. Many years ago he established a hunting camp in the Gunnison country. Having excavated a hole in the side of a hill, and having completed a warm and secure retreat, he was prepared to pass the winter and brave the perils of that season of the year. He had located a series of traps, and daily he plodded through the snow to secure any animals that might have been captured, and to replenish his larder by bringing down such game as might be obtainable. As the winter advanced the snow became deeper, and spread over the mountains and valleys to the depth of many feet.

While making his daily rounds, one day, and while staggering along with a bundle of furs on his back and his rifle on his shoulder, he heard a cry, faint and weak, yet still a call for help. With true frontier courage he responded to the appeal, and ere long found, half-buried in the snow and nearly perished, an Indian. With indefinite difficulty he conveyed the savage to his cabin, and there nursed him back to strength. This Indian had secreted himself upon the trail of the hunter with the avowed intention of killing him, but had succumbed to the cold, and was rescued by the man he had sought to slay.

Before leaving his benefactor, he unbosomed himself, and while relating his story pleaded for pardon. His benefactor knew full well the object the one he had rescued had in view, but had nobly saved him from a horrible fate. The savage and would-be murderer departed from the cabin of his benefactor with a changed heart, and returned to his tribe where he related his adventure. From that day the hunter was honored by the Indians, and many days were spent in their wigwams by one whom they had sought to destroy. His traps were never molested, and when he left for the settlements he carried with him the love of his savage neighbors.

Boston "Culchur."

A bright and quick-witted young lady of Providence, visiting in Boston, was so amazed at the airs of superiority put on by the "cultured people" she met that she determined to test the genuineness of their accomplishments at the first opportunity. Accordingly she hit upon this ingenious plan: A Mr. Thaxter was giving readings from Browning, which were quite the rage, and almost everybody the Providence lady met referred to the poet, whom nobody understands, in terms of rapturous appreciation. So one day finding herself in a group of acquaintances she took up a volume of Browning and read from one of his poems—*every other line*. Nobody discovered the farce, and the adjectives and applause came as usual.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S GREAT AGE.

No Sovereign Known to Have Sat on a Throne at His Years.

[New York Evening Post.]

Long reigns are rare in history, long royal lives much rarer still. Princes occupy one of the lowest levels in the whole range of longevity. The air of courts is destructive of health, nerve and vigor. Lives which early corruption, luxurious and effeminate habits, unchecked passions and unceasing excitement do not undermine, are frequently shortened by consuming ambition or care, warlike toil and peril, or the murderous hand of conspiracy. Among the remarkably long reigns in history are those of Uzziah of Judah (52 years), Mithridates of Pontus (57), Sapor II, of Persia (71), Alfonso I, of Portugal (73), Frederick III, of Germany (52), Christian IV, of Denmark (60), Louis XIV, of France (72), George III, of England (59), Ferdinand IV, of Naples (65), and Pedro II, of Brazil (51 till now). But Uzziah was a youth when placed on the throne, Mithridates a boy, Sapoy a new-born babe, Alfonso an infant, Christian 11 years old, Louis 4, Ferdinand 8, and Pedro 5, and of all the monarchs mentioned only George III reached the age of four score. Poland had one King who reached the age of 88, Stanislas Leszczynski; but he reigned only five years, and survived his throne fifty-six years, living in quiet retirement. We must go back to the days of antiquity to find William I.'s royal peers in age, and the only ones we discover are Hiero II, of Syracuse and Massinissa of Numidia, both of whom ended their reign at the age of about 90. The reign of Ramesses II, Pharaoh of Egypt—the Sesotris of the Greeks—is believed by some Egyptologists to have lasted about 67 years, and his life about 100, but others reduce both his reign and days to normal proportions. Thus, no Emperor known to history, no reigning King in Christendom ever reached the age of William I. Our age boasts of this extraordinary royal life, as it does of the only Pontificate, that of Pius IX, which exceeded the term of St. Peter. And Berlin, which still often sees it Emperor King on horseback, also saw in 1859 Alexander Von Humboldt give the last touches to his "Kosmos" in his 90th year; Raumer, in 1873, officiated as professor in his 92d; Field Marshal Wrangel, in 1877, walk its streets in his 94th, and Ranke, in 1871, issue the first part of a universal history, intended to embrace eighteen volumes, in his 86th. Moltke, who is not yet 82, must thus appear to the German capital and nation as a man still available for action for many a year to come.

The Irish Thirst for Gore.

An Englishman landed at Dublin a few months ago filled with apprehension that the life of any loyal subject of her Majesty was not worth a farthing there and thereabout. The Land Leaguers, he imagined, were all bloodthirsty assassins, and all that sort of thing. But it was his duty to travel in the land—a duty he approached with fear and trembling. Now, there happened to be on his route a number of towns, the names of which begin with the suggestive syllable "Kil." There were Kilmartin and so on. In his ignorance of nomenclature his affrighted senses were startled anew on hearing a fellow passenger in the railway carriage remark to another as follows:

"I'm just after bein' over to Kilpatrick."

"And I," replied the other, "am after bein' over to Kilmary."

"What murderers they are!" thought the Englishman. "And to think that they talk of their assassinations so publicly!"

But the conversation went on.

"And fhare are you goin' now?" asked assassin No. 1.

"I'm goin' home, and then to Kilmore," was No. 2's reply.

The Englishman's blood curdled.

"Kilmore, is it?" added No. 1. "You'd bettner be comin' along wud me to Kilumaule!"

It is related that the Englishman left the train at the next station, probably to go back to the tight little island and report an alarming increase in the number of outrages in Ireland.

Chinamen In Australia Bargaining for Wives.

A Chinaman, when anxious to have a wife of his own nation, says the North China Herald, sends a letter to an agent in Hong Kong. A reporter has one of these epistles, but it is practically impossible to translate it into English. The following is a condensed translation: "I want a wife. She must be a maiden under 20 years of age, and must not have left her father's house. She must also have never read a book, and her eyelashes must be half an inch in length. Her teeth must be as sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon. Her breath must be like unto the scents of the magnificent groves of Java, and her attire must be from the silken weavers of Ka-Li-Ching, which are on the banks of the greatest river in the world—the overflowing Yang-tse-Kiang." The price of a Chinese woman delivered in Sydney is £38, but two Chinese women only cost £52; therefore the heathen Chinese import the women in couples. The importer never sees his women until they arrive, and then he generally selects the best looking one. The other is shown around to a number of well-to-do Chinese, and after they have inspected her, she is submitted to what may be called public auction. The writer happened to be present at one of these sales. A young girl aged about nineteen was offered, and after some spirited bidding she was purchased by a wealthy Chinese storekeeper, whose place of business is in one of the leading towns of New South Wales, for £120. The deeply melancholy aspect of the Celestial girl as she went away in company with the man who purchased her was deplorable to the last degree.

Twelve thousand shovels and 9,000 spades are turned out every week in the United States, and yet the man who wants to borrow one won't believe that a single factory is running.

A WONDERFUL METAMORPHIS.

Vouched for by "Eight Reliable Citizens" of Erie, Pennsylvania—How "Rosa Fear" Became "Charles Fear."

The Buffalo *Courier* publishes the following remarkable story sent by a correspondent at Erie, Pa.:

The following remarkable story is vouched for by eight reliable citizens of this city: William P. Baxter is a farmer, and has for many years owned a large farm situated between North East, Pa., and Ripley, N. Y. He is frequently in this city, where he is well known. Near to the Baxter farm there lives a family by the name of Fear, highly respected by their neighbors. About twenty-five years ago there was born in this family a girl, a sweet little cherub that became the pet of the neighborhood. They named her Rosa, and she grew up a lovely child, and in due time was sent to school. Here she distinguished herself by most extraordinary precocity. Her aptitude exceeded that of scholars ten years older than herself, and in less than two years she had passed every other pupil and stood at the head of her classes, the holder of all the honors competed for. At the age of fourteen she entered the service of Mrs. Baxter, the first wife of the farmer referred to. Rosa proved to be as good a girl for farm-house duties as she had been a student, and the Baxter family liked her so well that she was treated in every respect as though she was one of the family. She continued to live there, and when she had attained the age of eighteen her hand was sought in marriage by a young farmer from a neighboring village. For some reason, unaccountable at that time to her friends, Miss Fear declined the honorable offer, alleging that she had no desire to quit the roof of her kind friends. About this time it began to be noticed that Rosa's features were losing their feminine softness, and that the effeminate contour of her hitherto symmetrical form was vanishing, and giving place to masculine angularity. Her hands that were once so well shaped began to grow large and coarse, and a down appeared on her upper lip. The presence of the latter greatly distressed her, and as it continued to grow in spite of all her efforts to prevent it, she became so ashamed that she refused to accompany the Baxters to the family pew in the village church, or to mingle in any of the socials or parties in which she had once been a courted belle. The family while deeply regretting the loss of Rosa's personal attractions, tried to laugh her out of her sensitiveness. But the girl appeared to be consumed with a secret.

About six months after this, Rosa did not appear as usual one morning. No answer came from her room, and when it was broken open it was found to have been unoccupied that night. All Rosa's clothes were hanging up, even to those she was accustomed to wear about the house. Mr. Baxter sent his son Charles to look in the barn, dreading to enter it himself, for a dreadful suspicion of suicide was uppermost in his thought. But Rosa was not in the barn, neither was she in any part of the farm. At last the searchers found two letters in her trunk, one addressed to Mrs. Baxter, the other to her parents. The contents of Mrs. Baxter's letter created the utmost consternation. It said that the writer had gone away; that it would be useless to follow her; that her life had become unbearable because within a year nature had worked a complete metamorphosis, unsexing her and making it necessary to change her home and raiment. The astonished Baxters discovered that she had left all her female clothing down to the minutest article, and that she had attired herself in a suit of clothes belonging to Dr. A. A. Freeman, now an alderman from the First Ward in this city. Dr. Freeman was a yearly visitor at the Baxter farm, and he frequently spends a day there still. He was well acquainted with Miss Fear when she was little Rosa, and he often saw her when she lived with the Baxters. He had been visiting there a week before the girl disappeared, and had left a suit of clothes behind him by mistake.

Two months passed and a letter came in Rosa's fine hand-writing. It informed the family that the writer was well and was working as a farm hand in Ohio, but that the stamp of the letter would give no clue to her address.

Two years elapsed, and one morning a fine-looking young man with sun-burned face, magnificent beard and heavy, dark mustache, stood at the gate of the Fear homestead.

"Do you know me, Mary?" he said to the young lady who came out to ascertain his business.

The tones were deep and manly and there was a familiar ring in the stranger's voice. "It is Rosa," said the girl, and the next moment the spectators were regaled with a sight of Miss Mary Fear clasped in the arms of a young fellow, giving back as many kisses on his mustache as he showered upon her uplifted face.

"Not Rosa, but Charles Fear now," said the whilom housemaid, and then he told them how, after that wonderful change, he had hired as male help; that he had made a little money and had come home to work the farm.

Mr. Charles Fear runs that farm to-day, and Ripley has no citizen held in higher estimation than he. Since his return he has twice been appointed a teacher in the public schools, and he can be seen on the Fear farm every day of the week.

Such is the remarkable story told to the *Courier* correspondent. The references given were hunted up, and although there was a reluctance to speak about it, all confirmed the story.

Dr. Freeman was called upon regarding the suit of clothes, and he confirmed the account, stating also that he was acquainted with all the circumstances related. He further stated that in his opinion nature was undecided as to Fear's sex, and at the age mentioned masculinity developed.

Quite an Atheist.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. D., as she surveyed with evident pleasure her little parlor sideboard, covered with old China and decorated with highly-colored tiles. "Mr. B. remarked last night that I was becoming quite an atheist," and the old lady's countenance fairly beamed with delight as her eyes rested on a sixteen cent Japanese tea-pot.

A surgeon in Philadelphia relieved a lady weighing seventy-five pounds (after the operation) of a tumor weighing 112 pounds.